

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

PARIS, (ME.).....THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1824.

NO. 18.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

LINES.

I've been where pleasure wav'd her plumes,
In fashion's splendid court;
I've seen the play-things of a day,
In fortune's sunshine sport.

I've mingled with the gay, the proud,
The wealthy and the fair,
And learned to look on laughing eyes,
To see a heart of care.

I've been where friendship link'd her chain,
And kept it fair and bright,
Where taste and elegance were join'd
With learning's sterner light.

I've felt that homage of the mind,
'Tis happiness to feel,
That almost thoughtlessness of self,
In others we and weal.

Time bore me in his rapid car,
Far from these scenes away—
'Twas vain to struggle with his power,
Or rail at destiny.

But memory oft would turn to view,
Those happy days and years:
Paint the lov'd scenes in colors fresh,
And blot them with her tears.

I've been in solitude profound,
'Midst deserts of the mid,
Where not a single wild flower bloom'd
Or wreath of verdure twinn'd.

I've felt like one alone on earth,
Day after day roll'd on;
No eye was near to sympathize,
No arm to lean upon—

And though my feet still kept the path,
Where duty bid them go,
'Twas not with light elastic tread,
But heavy, dull and slow.

If aught is wearisome in life,
'Tis that inglorious state,
That stagnant feeling, when the soul
Has naught to love or hate.

I'd rather choose to steer my bark
Where "waves run mountain high,"
Than on a gangreen'd tideless sea,
Becalmed forever lie.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

AUTUMN.

The leaves of the forest turn yellow and red,
And wildly the wind o'er the meadows are spread,
And the birds have forsok the bare branches and fled.
No music is heard but the whistling wind now,
As it sweeps o'er the plains and the leafless trees
bow.

The flowers, the sweet blooming flowers, are nipt,
And of all their gay colors and verdurous hues stript,
All broke to the earth and in stony dyes dipt.
Nature looks up her store for their long wintry sleep.
Not a blossom is left for its fellows to weep.

The hoarse angry winds awake in the north,
And the dark blue clouds are in huge volumes forth,
And send his rays obliquely to earth;
Winter's pitch'd her white tents in the mountains
again.

And her banners are waving wide over the plain:
Winds of adversity, how ye to rest;
Hope not, black winter, to reign in my breast;
Friendship shall laugh at the tyrant unblest;
Fancy paint us sweet flowers as spring ever dy'd,
And hope shed a sunshine thy rays cannot hide.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

From the London Guardian.

A REFLECT.

I stooped over the cradle, and spoke a
short prayer for the smiling boy that lay there-
in. "Is this your babe, Madam," said I, to one
whom I took for the mother. "It is, sir," she
replied: "and I thank you for a stranger's sup-
plication in its behalf." "You love this babe,
Madam? It is the image of yourself; a spark
of immortality. A mission in heaven I have
is prepared for it, with yourself." The moth-
er wept. "Yours, sir, is the first," she pushed
with emotion—the first prayer it ever en-
joyed. I cannot pray. My husband does not.
The child is born to our hearts most tenderly.
His pleasure is our joy; we feel his pains as
deeply as he can; but to be all without a friend
in God mars all my joy, adds distress to the
trifling ills we experience. "Ah!" said I,
"you love then this in fact of an hour, this flow-
er that fadeeth, more than God its Maker—more
than God your Redeemer—your final Judge.
Well, there is no blottery more real than this—
no guilt greater, than not to love God. I
cannot help you. This boy, charming infant,
will be your prayers. But I cannot teach you
to pray; if God does not help you, who can?
If God does not help you, you are lost. Do not
think the prayer I was induced to offer, will
save that babe; if it is saved, it probably will be
by the parent's frequent, humble, importunate
intercessions, and pious counsel, as a holy example.
Jesus was once an infant in Bethlehem. He is
now the Lord of glory—the interceding angel
in Heaven—the helper of the impotent—
seek of him grace. Ask of him whatsoever
you will, he will not neglect the cry of the
pendent. The babe that now weeps in your
arms may yet rejoice near his throne—will
hope, through the humble importunity of its
mother's prayers!

The mother wiped the tears in haste—her
countenance exhibited concern; for she heard
the enter door open. In rushed the little boy,
giving me two or three anxious looks as he

passed. "Ma! Papa is angry because that
horse is at the door.—He swears. He says he
will cane the man that rode it." The boy was
trighted almost out of breath—the mother
trembled; for his anger was cruel, when it
awoke.—"Keep at your work, madam, (said I)
God will order all well."

The man came trampling in furiously. He
opened the door upon us with a cane in his
hand. His aspect was ugly and ferocious, but
evidently tamed from somewhat of its savage-
ness. I rose from my chair mildly and com-
posed, with as much of the winning and grace-
ful as I was master of. "Your most obedient,
sir, (said I) I am happy to see you this morn-
ing." "Happy to see me!" he repeated most
contemptuously, "I scorn to see you. You have
come here to whine about my wife, and talk
to her about the cant of religion, ha'nt ye?
Yes, here she has been weeping at your talk."

"I stopped, sir, to make you a short call, and
to converse on what seemed agreeable. And it
gives me pleasure to see you before I left."
"Well you see me—and the sight shall cost
you your life, if you are not out soon!"
"God will protect that, sir."

"He will, will he? raising his club.
"In the name of the Almighty God, the Mak-
er of heaven and earth, in whom we shall be
judged each for himself, from whom this family
is blessed, and you yourself are kept alive, I
defy you to strike."

He slowly eased the club down, and finally
dropped it on the floor.—He became calm—
sat down and fastened his eyes on the babe
His looks carried marks of corroding remorse.

I thought nothing need be said to him, to
awaken conscience. I went to my horse. He
followed me and besought my pardon. "I
have no pardon for you, sir," said I.—"You
have not treated me like a gentleman or with
decency. You have abused me, because I am
a Christian. You have thus shown your hatred
and contempt of God my Master and your
Judge. I leave you to his mercy. If he for-
gives you, it is well, if not, then —" I struck
the spur into my horse and rode off.

Most sincerely I pitied the unhappy man, who
made him self more miserable even than he did
others. I besought divine mercy in his behalf.
Yet, that he stood at the head of a pleasant
family who looked for an example and for in-
struction, and whose temporal and eternal al-
lotment must in some degree be marked out
by him, affected me most. It seemed to me
undesirable that ignorant and unprincipled
men should have families—undesirable if the
interests of the community simply are consid-
ered. To send out upon the public a parcel
of vicious children, who debase and despise
themselves by parental example and authority,
forbids a miserable perpetuity to our national
crime, and paves most rapidly the broad
highways of death. But in this case, the
vice of the father is opposed by the trem-
bling virtue of the mother; and should Provi-
dence call me again into that neighborhood, I
hope the man will have found God reconciled
through Jesus Christ. But a man of cherished
passions, seldom becomes temperate; or a man
of indolgent vice reformed. To the young I
will only say, bridle your passions early, if you
would be happy and make others so. This man
has no enjoyment. He embitters the pleasures
of his family by his temper, which in child-
hood and youth was violent and never restrain-
ed in middle life—is suspicious and entirely
ungovernable—and should he ever become pi-
ous, would thro' life harass his soul, impede
his heavenly course, and visit him with many
a pang of keen and distressing remorse.

The vision of early piety.—As soon as we are
capable of reflection, we must perceive, that
there is a right and wrong in human actions.
We see, that those who are born with the same
worldly advantages, are not all equally happy,
or even prosperous in the course of life.

While some of them, by wise and steady con-
duct, attain distinction among the virtuous of
mankind, and pass their days with comfort and
respect; others of the same rank, by mean and
vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantage of their
birth, "unge themselves into much misery, and
end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a
barren on society.

Early, then, we may learn, that it is not on
the outward condition in which we find our-
selves placed, but on the part which we are
to act, that our welfare or happiness, our re-
spect among men, or infamy, depends.

Now in the beginning of life, what can be of
greater moment, than to regulate our conduct
with the most serious attention, before we
have yet committed any shameful and irretriev-
able errors?

If instead of cultivating the mind for this
valuable purpose, we deliver ourselves up, at
so precarious a time, to sloth and pleasure; if we
refuse to listen to any counsellor but of humor,
or to attend to any pursuit, but that of amuse-
ment; if we allow ourselves to float loosely and
carelessly on the tide of life, ready to receive
any direction which the current of fashion may
happen to give us, what can we expect to fol-
low from such a beginning?

While so many around us are undergoing the
sad consequence of such indiscretion, for
what reason shall not these consequences ex-

tend to us? Shall happiness grow up to us of
its own accord, and solicit our acceptance,
when to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit
of long cultivation, and the acquisition of la-
bor and care?

O, then let us remember our Creator in the
days of our youth, being fully assured that no
good can be done, which does not proceed
from his gracious self; yet, seeing that with-
out we exert our minds and hearts towards
him, which in scripture is called occupying the
talent, we shall not partake of his goodness;
let us in the inward name of his Son, be faith-
ful and given up to serve him: so shall we not
only ensure to ourselves what happiness is
best for us in this life, but full peace and glo-
ry in that which is to come.

Youth, the season of Religious Improvement.

In every period of life, the acquisition of
knowledge is one of the most-pleasing employ-
ments of the human mind. But in youth there
are circumstances which make it productive of
higher enjoyment. It is then that every thing
has the charm of novelty, that curiosity and
fancy are awake; and that the heart swells with
the anticipations of future eminence and utility.
Even in those lower branches of instruction
which we call mere accomplishments, there is
something always pleasing to the young in their
acquisition. They seem to become every well
educated person, they adorn if they do not di-
grace humanity; and what is far more, while they
give an elegant employment to the hours of
leisure and relaxation, they afford a means of
contributing to the purity and innocence of do-
mestic life. But in the acquisition of knowledge
of a higher kind in the hours when the young
gradually begin the study of the laws of nature,
and of the faculties of the human mind, or of
the magnificent revelations of the Gospel, there
is a pleasure of a sublime nature. The cloud
which in their infant years seemed to cover na-
ture from their view, begins gradually to re-
volve. The world in which they are placed,
opens with all its wonders upon their eye;
their powers of attention and observation seem
to expand with the scene before them; and
while they see for the first time, the immensity
of the universe of God, and mark the majestic
simplicity of those laws by which its operations
are conducted, they feel as if they were awak-
ened to a higher species of being, and admitted
into nearer intercourse with the Author of Na-
ture. It is this period of all others, accordingly,
that most determines our hopes or fears of the
future fate of the young. To feel no joy in
such pursuits; to listen carelessly to the voice
which brings such magnificent instruction; to
see the veil raised which conceals the councils
of the Deity, and to shew no emotion at the dis-
covery, are symptoms of a weak and torpid spir-
it—of a mind unworthy of the advantages it
possesses, and which is fitted only for the hu-
mility of sensual and ignoble pleasure. Of
those on the contrary who distinguish them-
selves by the love of knowledge, who follow
with ardor the career that is opened to them,
we are apt to form the most honorable pres-
sages. It is the character natural to youth, and
which, therefore, promises well of their matu-
rity. We foresee for them, at least, a life of
pure and virtuous enjoyment, and we are will-
ing to anticipate no common share of future
usefulness and splendor. *Alison's Sermons.*

Extract from a Sermon of the Rev. Joseph
Francis.—Let this idea dwell in our minds,
that our duties to God and our duties to men,
are not distinct and independent duties, but are
involved in each other: that devotion and vir-
tue are not different things but the same thing;
either in different stages or in different stations,
in different points of progress or circumstances
of situation. What we call devotion, for the
sake of distinction, during its initiatory and in-
strumental exercises, is devotion in its infancy,
the virtue which, after a time, it produces, is de-
votion in its maturity: the contemplation of
Deity is devotion at rest; the execution of his
command is devotion in action. Praise is reli-
gion in the temple, or in the closet; industry,
from a sense of duty, is religion in the shop or
field; commercial integrity is religion in the
mart; the communication of consolation is reli-
gion in the house of mourning; tender atten-
tion is religion in the chamber of sickness; pa-
ternal instruction is religion at the heart; judi-
cial justice is religion on the bench; patriot-
ism is religion in the public councils."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

In the neighborhood where I formerly re-
sided, said my friend, stood a lonely house, a
little retired from the public road, on the bor-
ders of a wood. Its last occupants were peo-
ple of suspicious characters, who had suddenly
abandoned it, and removed to "the land of prom-
ise" beyond the mountains. For two years it
had stood desolate—its door unopened and win-
dows battered in. At length a report arose that
the house was haunted. Strange noises were
heard by the nightly traveller, and unearthly
forms were seen in the dusk of the evening.—
From the number of witnesses who testified to
the facts, the report gained general belief, and
whoever was unlucky enough to be obliged to
pass the place of terror in the evening would
involuntarily quicken his pace and invoke the

protection of some guardian angel. The sup-
position was that the person who last occupied
the house, had been guilty of robbing and
murdering some unknown traveller, whose
bones were concealed in the cellar and whose
spirit was calling for revenge. But no one had
the temerity to investigate. I had always treat-
ed these tales of terror with contempt, and in
the plenitude of my courage declared that I
would embrace the first opportunity to explore
this fancied haunt of troubled spirits. It was
not long before my boasted courage was put to
the test. I had occasion to pass that way late
in the evening alone. On coming opposite the
'haunted house' I made halt, and was querying
with myself whether I should so far cou ten ace
the folly of the current reports, as to spend
time in visiting the place—when to my utter
astonishment my ears were saluted by a most
agonizing groan? I hesitated not to dismount
and drew near the house. As I approached,
the groans were repeated with increasing ve-
hementness and I could perceive that they were
uttered by more than one. All was dark and
desolate? From one corner of the room came
forth or proceeded sounds the most agonizing
and doleful! They seemed the last groans and
stilled sobs of men under the operation of
strangling. My heart smelt within me; and I
was on the point of retreating, in terror, from
the guilty place; but pride restrained me. I
have promised, thought I, to prove the fallacy
of these horrid tales; and come what may, I
will make the attempt. I summoned all my
resolution, and entered the door. The groans
of distress were redoubled; and my feet were
riveted to the ground. Scarce knowing what I
did, I raised my arms in the murky air, and ex-
claimed aloud, "In the name of the holy Trin-
ity, I adjure you to speak!" Scarce had I pro-
nounced these words, when the most terrific
din assailed my ears; the house trembled;
and I was prostrated at the door by a more
than mortal force! It was some minutes be-
fore I recovered the use of my reason, or the
power of moving; but as soon as my limbs
would perform their office, I rose and precipi-
tated myself from the door; when, lo! I met
in my way three HOGS, yoked and ringed as
the law directs, grunting their displeasure at
the disturber of their quiet repose!

From the New-York Mirror.

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

To entrust your secrets to one whom you con-
fidently believe will never betray them, and in
a short time afterwards to discover they are
the common subjects of conversation among
your acquaintances—a common misery—2
groans.

To be compelled to listen to the advice of
an old maid about marriage, while she is re-
commending a lady you dislike, and abusing
the one you love—not an unusual circumstance
—one groan and a half.

After composing a piece of poetry, which
has been enthusiastically admired by the il-
literate minded and discerning, to hear it pro-
nounced "all stuff;" by an ill-natured self-opinion-
ed coxcomb—"Oh for a whip to lash the rascal,—
two shrugs and a sigh, with a curse half uttered.

To spend the best part of your life in build-
ing up the fortune and reputation of a sup-
posed friend, and find at last he repays you with
insults and ingratitude—"Oh weep for the
hour"—a long deep groan.

To be engaged in putting a bright thought
on paper, and to be interrupted by a friend
who talks an hour upon nothing, until you have
nothing to write—5 scratches and a grin.

Returning home from a long absence dashed
with hope and anticipations, to discover on
touching the wharf, that some rascal has stolen
your baggage, without leaving you a shilling to
make a shift with—365 deep groans.

After having been very rapturous in the
praise of a lady, and having made frequent use
of such expressions as "she is beautiful, en-
chanting, delightful!" to hear some cold heart-
ed phlegmatic biped give it as his opinion that
"she is a pretty decent looking girl 'pon honor!"
—Oh misery without a name—a patient shrug
and a black look.

To be considered a blockhead for vindicating
the character of an absent friend, and compell-
ed to listen to the scandal of a large circle of
female buzzards who exist on the offals of defa-
mation, and fatten upon the slandering of mer-
it and genius—24 grins and a quarter.

In a large company, to be asked for a song
when you possess no vocal abilities—to have
all the ladies present declare you to be an ex-
cellent singer—to know no other song than
"Barbara Allen"—to be prevailed upon to at-
test that, and before you have finished to per-
ceive that all the good natured females present
modestly hide their faces in their handkerchiefs,
and still a titter at your failure—"Oh for a word
bad enough to keep the Misery company—
when you have finished—200 cheers.

To be in love with a coquette, who can dis-
cover good qualities in every body else, save
yourself; a groan or two will answer.

POPE.

ENVY is fixed only on merit; and, like a sore eye,
is offended with every thing that is bright.

It is better to have wisdom without learning, than
learning without wisdom.

OBSERVER.

PARIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1821.

☞ We have heard the result of votes given on Monday last, from but few towns. There was no regular opposing candidate to Judge Chandler, in this District. In Cumberland District, there were great exertions made for the electoral candidates both for Adams and Crawford—the Rev. Joshua Taylor is probably elected by a very small majority. In Kennebec District, there were two candidates, though one of them, (Mr. Dillingham,) was not nominated till last week. The particulars, we are unable to give.

☞ By the decease of Elias Merrill, Esq. the offices of Register of Deeds and County Treasurer, in the County of Cumberland have become vacant. The Court of Sessions has appointed Mark Harris, Esq. of Portland, Treasurer of the County, and has issued warrants to the several towns in the County, appointing Monday, the 29th inst. for the choice of Register of Deeds. There are about thirty candidates for the office.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. OBSERVER.—Having examined the observations of "Turner," in your paper of Oct. 21st, upon the remarks of "Honestus," in a former number, upon *Caucusing*, and discovering a palpable disingenuousness in construction and a perfect fallacy in argument, on the part of "Turner," I have thought proper to make the following observations.

"Turner," in his exordium, has unceremoniously asserted that "Honestus" is "fallacious;" and in order to prove his fallaciousness, he has quoted the remarks of "Honestus" upon constituting caucuses and the advantages resulting from them; and also the claim, which their proceedings have upon the people's support; and then says, "let us look at a caucus constituted in this 'proper' manner," and adduces the caucus, which was held at Paris, in June, 1821. He gives what, he says, he believes to be a true history of that affair. It is possible that "Turner" believes that he has substantially related the facts; but I know that he has omitted some very essential ones. A week or two previous to the sitting of the Court, notice was given to several, and, I think, the most of the towns in the County, that a caucus would be held during the Court-week, and requesting each to send their delegate or delegates. When the people assembled at the time and place appointed, and were called to order, some produced certificates of their qualifications and some came forward at the particular request of some of their townsmen without their credentials. It then became a matter of consideration, whether it would not be best that the members of the convention should be numerically equal to the whole number of towns in the County; and it was decided that they should. It so happened that, in two or three instances, persons were assigned to represent, in a numerical point, towns in which they did not reside, for the reason that there was not an inhabitant of either of the towns present. The chief object of this procedure was, that there might be as full an expression of the sentiments of the county at large upon the subject of holding and constituting the future caucuses of the County as possible; as there never had been any rule previously established. Now was there any dangerous or unfair principles or management adopted and used on that occasion? No, Sir. But, on the other hand, considering the situation in which the county then was—without any established rule to govern them, and wishing to establish a standing one for the future government, their conduct was not only justifiable, but highly commendable, as being prompted and tempered by the generous feelings of patriotism and a sacred regard to the principles of equality. The people tenaciously adhered to the proceedings of the caucus, and the result was, that the principles of honesty and fair dealing, and gave them a debilitation, which none can mistake.

I shall omit noticing any other observations of "Turner" upon this caucus, as he has contended to show, through the whole, the same obliquity and perverseness, as he has in the one which has been noticed, and exposed, and refuted.

"Turner" then attacks the Legislature, and attempts to relate the idea of their legitimacy, and humorously relates the theory of the Indian Philosopher upon the suspension of the word: "that it was probably supported upon the back of an Elephant, which was again supported by a smaller animal until you got down to so small an insect, that it could easily stand upon nothing." Now, to apply his comparison, "Turner" must mean that he is the Indian Philosopher, the subordinate caucus, the Elephant, and—what he must say, for the Indian's sagacity has out-measured his own; and has finally got him into a scrape; for his animals have failed him, so that his caucus-supporting Elephant has nothing to stand upon. Now, "Turner," to save the reputation of your philosophy in applying the philosophy of the Indian Philosopher, say that a caucus is a kind of political world, metaphysically speaking; that the subordinate caucuses and congresses are the Elephant, and that the minds of the people are the summits of the Elephant. Then, say, you will give a superlative

propriety to your comparison; and rather *outrage* the Indian.

He then takes "Honestus" to do for asserting that the "Legislature have a right to hold caucuses from usage;" and in a side-way mode of arguing, says that the right resulting from this usage has been "the right of tyrants and despotism in all countries and ages." But how long, and upon what principles caucusing has been practiced in tyrannical and despotic governments, or whether they have ever existed there or not, is a question altogether irrelevant and irrelevant to the subject, as applicable to the principles of our own government. It is to be hoped that American Republicans possess sufficient wisdom and political virtue, at this day, to discover and distinguish the true principles of republicanism, and to establish and practice those rules of habit and conduct, which will add strength and durability to their political existence, and guarantee inviolability to individual rights. When their legislators assume rights and exercise powers, which are dangerous and anti-republican, there is no doubt that they will be as sagacious and quick to discover and check them, as "Turner" possibly could be in detecting and exposing the unhallowed principles and pernicious abuses of caucusing in countries, where there is very little or no need of them, and where they are most generally held in abhorrence, non a multis; viz. in the perdition of the desert.

The conclusion of his observations is in this prophetic (pseudo-prophetic) strain: "It is, I fear, that fatal right, by which ambitions and unprincipled men will, one day, succeed in battering down the fair temple of Liberty in our beloved country." If "Turner" has discovered any one principle, which would naturally tend to so disastrous a result, and would wish to warn the people against it, why has he not taken that principle and attempted a refutation, by a process of fair and candid argumentation? This he has not done. He has been guilty of the most gross and palpable fallaciousness. There is not a single period of sound argument among the whole of his observations; neither has he shaken a single principle laid down by "Honestus." If he pretends to be a watchman over the people's rights, let him, in future, not sound the alarm and spend his strength, while the enemy is afar off, lest when he comes, he should be found sleeping from weariness, or heed should not be given to him for reason of his over-frequent bawlings.

PHILO-HONESTUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

Sir—I recollect no act since the organization of our new State Government, that seems to breathe more of the pure spirit of republicanism, than the one for the regulation of schools. Probably one of the younger States in the Union have done more for the education of the rising generation, than Maine. This act compels indifference and avarice to do something for the education of the unfortunate and poor. Many of our first Statesmen and Warriors have sprung from an origin, humble in means, but enterprising in mind.

In the Desk, in the Physic and at the Bar, this has been verified in this section of the country. With all our boasted advantages, are not some towns extremely inattentive to the manner of appropriations, to the visiting of schools and to the choice of instructors?

An idea in times past has prevailed in some parts of the country, that the cheapest master was best, if he could write a good hand. I hope better things now of the high lands of Maine. Few calculating farmers would hire a lazy man to secure their hay, endangered by an approaching thunder storm, or to reap their suffering wheat. And will such trust one with the education of their rising offspring, who will work for nothing, because he has no education himself? The requirement of qualification in the master, has been of some standing; an excellent law, if duly enforced. Supposing there are eight or ten schools in a town; let the School Committee examine them at the opening and the close; take a careful account of the appearance of each scholar in the various branches, at the opening; encourage ambition by the promise of some little premium for best scholarship in the various branches; this will produce a laudable excitement in masters, as well as in scholars. It is nothing more than a feather, or a leaf, it will do much toward the maintaining the discipline and accelerating the improvement of a school, and often prevent the introduction of the most miserable of all books, the rod and fessel. I have known a number of towns, where a small portion of the school money has been appropriated in this way with good effect. If it be a vulgar adage, it is a true one, "you cannot drive a hog into obedience," and I will add "you cannot drive a child into learning."

A uniform system of school books, is all important. I have seen four kinds of Arithmetic, as many of Grammar, three of Geography and five of Reading Books for the most advanced in a common school. Here you cannot properly divide, the school kept in confusion, ambition and discipline lost.

AUTHOR OF TOUCHES ON AGRICULTURE.
(To be continued.)

Errata. In our paper of the 7th Oct. (No. 17.) second page, fourth column, twenty-ninth line from the top, for "immediate abstraction of caloric," read "immediate abstraction of caloric."

A pious man, according to the sense annexed by our Saviour to this term, is one who consecrates his affections and actions to the service of his Master. But in the style of the moral virtues of the 13th century, he was a pious man who deprived himself of his possessions to enrich the priesthood, to build churches and found monasteries.

STATE OF MAINE.

ALBION K. PARRIS,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MAINE:

A PROCLAMATION.

FOR A DAY OF
PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

To render thanksgiving and praise to their infinite Benefactor is the duty and privilege of men. We are the creatures of His power, in whom He has an unalienable right; rational creatures, made capable of rendering the exalted tribute; dependent creatures, who rely every moment on His goodness for existence and happiness; favored creatures on whom He has lavished the blessings of His bountiful providence; guilty creatures, to whom He has extended His gracious compassion, through the atonement of His Son. Our obligations, indeed, can never be fulfilled; but we are permitted to acknowledge and express them. And He, who is "fearful in praise," has condescended to say to guilty men, "Who so offered praise glorified me. Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows to the Most High."

The praises of individuals, families and religious societies are prescribed in the word of God. There also we find intimations that He expects the same tribute from Commonwealths and nations; but it devolves on the civil magistrate to remind his fellow-citizens of the duty and designate a time for the united offering.

In compliance, therefore, with the custom of our ancestors, and with the expectations of the people, I have thought fit to appoint, and with the advice of the Council, do hereby appoint THURSDAY the second day of December next, to be observed by the inhabitants of this State, as a DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

And I do earnestly recommend, that all secular business and recreation be suspended, and that the day be devoted to God as a religious solemnity; that all religious societies assemble in their several houses of public worship, that we may with one voice "speak of the mercies of the Lord, and utter the memory of His great goodness." Let legislators and magistrates, ministers and people assemble in His courts and "praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone is excellent. His glory is above the heavens." Let us remember the mercies of the present year, the mercies of our whole lives, and "the mercy which is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him." Let us praise Him for a rational, social and immortal existence—for our location in the most favored portion of the earth—for the daily and annual bounties of His providence—for the light of His gospel, and redemption by His Son. Let us remember the years of our fathers' toils, and sufferings, and "the years of the right hand of the Most High," when He brought them over the great waters; when He nurtured them in the wilderness; when He was their defence in savage warfare and under the unnatural oppressions of their parent country; when His peculiar blessing enabled them to lay the foundation of our present unexampled prosperity and happiness.

Let us bless Him for the institution of a government in this State, and in these United States to which all other nations are strangers and for which many of our fellow men have this year been contending in vain. Let us praise Him for the continued administration of justice; the maintenance of peace; the general prevalence of health; a favorable season, and an abundant harvest. Let us be thankful that the pestilence which has desolated some parts of our land, has not been suffered to prevail here; that we have been preserved from extensive calamities in an unusual degree; that the labors of our citizens in their various enterprises have been favored with success; that our seminaries of education have enjoyed the smiles of Providence; that so many of the people of this State have been favored with the ministrations of the gospel; that some portions of this and other States have been specially blessed with showers of divine grace; that many, while enjoying the richest blessings, have pitied the oppressed and enslaved of other countries, and communicated the gospel to those who sat in darkness; and that mercies past enumeration have fallen upon us, notwithstanding our continued unworthiness.

In view of our peculiar blessings, our iniquities do indeed appear great, and our transgressions infinite. Let our obligation of gratitude be, therefore, attended with the sacrifice of broken hearts and contrite spirits. Let us lament our abuse of the favors of God, our disregard of His authority, our unbelief and disobedience to the gospel, and the too general prevalence of immorality and vice; and let us beseech Him, for the sake of His Son, to forgive our iniquities, and to draw all our hearts to Himself, that a people so highly favored may no more transgress.

And on this occasion, let us commend ourselves and all our social, civil and religious interests to His favor and protection; praying that our spanned lives may be devoted to His praise; that succeeding years may be crowned with His goodness; that His wisdom and grace may be abundantly bestowed on all in authority in our State and Nation; that He would continue unimpairing our government, institutions and privileges; that He would never suffer our beloved country to be again involved in war; that He would set up Immanuel's dominion in every heart, and dwell among us from generation to generation; and that He would soon extend the blessings of liberty, of science, of elective government, of perpetual peace and gospel light to all that dwell upon the earth.

GIVEN at the Council Chamber, in Portland, the fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, and in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ALBION K. PARRIS.

BY THE GOVERNOR:
AMOS NICHOLS, Secretary of State.

ARTICLES OF NEWS.

The number of deaths in Charleston, S. C. during the week ending the 9th, by yellow fever, were seventeen. The city authorities of Charleston appointed Friday the 15th, to be observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, on account of the afflictive dispensation of Providence in visiting their city with its present mortal sickness.

Washington College, Pa.—The annual commencement occurred on Thursday the 30th ult. Eight young gentlemen received the degree of A. B.

The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. John Black, of Pittsburgh.

Awful Effects of Intemperance.—At Lancaster, Penn. on Wednesday last week, a man by the name of William Kirkwood, drank off nearly three pints of whiskey, which occasioned his death in the course of a few minutes.

The first standing quarto Bible in the English language, and perhaps in any language, was set up by Matthew Carey, in Philadelphia, in 1804; and it is still the only standing Bible of separate types. Above 200,000 impressions of this Bible have been published.

Small Pox.—The people of Greenfield were suddenly alarmed on Tuesday last week, by the appearance of a person who had the small pox. He came in the stage from Albany, the day preceding and was immediately removed to a place of safety. Several passengers and other persons where the stage stopped, were exposed to the contagion. A timely vaccination had, it is hoped, prevented the spreading of the disease.

Indians.—The Indians near Prairie du Chien, have become troublesome, and have recently committed several murders.

One cause which has greatly increased the population, and consequently the business of the State of New-York, is the favorable nature of their laws in regard to poor debtors.

On examination there are found to be 1200 colored people in Providence—and the Town Council are preparing to send away all the idle and dissolute.

Spots on the Sun.—A number of Spots were discovered on the disk of the Sun on Saturday last, two of which are so large as to be easily seen with a common spy-glass; with a powerful telescope nearly twenty are visible. On account of the Sun's rotation on its axis, they will probably disappear in 7 or 8 days.

Alexandria, Oct. 20.—"We are sorry to learn that Gen. LA FAYETTE received a contusion on the forehead, on Sunday last, by striking against some part of the tomb of Washington.—The General was obliged to return on foot, from the vault to the boat, in consequence of the horses having become unruly in the carriage which had been provided for him."

De Kalb.—The citizens of Camden, S. C. have determined to raise a monument to the memory of Baron De Kalb, who fell during our revolutionary war. Gen. La Fayette is invited to lay the corner stone.

Pittsburg, (Penn.) Oct. 13.—On Saturday evening last, Catherine McCool, wife of John McCool, of this city, died. The arrangements made by her husband for her sudden interment, and other circumstances, led to a suspicion that she came unfairly by her death. The Coroner was accordingly called in, on Sunday, and an inquest held on the body of the deceased. After an examination of the body, and of the treatment the deceased had received of her husband, they reported that "she came to her death in consequence of repeated and continued ill treatment, and starvation, and blows at different times inflicted on her, to her husband, John McCool." The prisoner has been arrested and is now in the jail of this county, for trial.

Singular Occurrence.—The Dutch ship *Susannah*, which arrived in port from Alvarado, on Thursday afternoon, had her foremast carried away about six feet above the deck, and her main and mizen topmasts twisted off, splitting the masts in such a manner, that the whole three will have to be replaced by new ones. What renders this circumstance extraordinary is that not a breath of air was felt in the city at the time; the flags of the several vessels in port were hanging without the least motion; no wind was felt on board vessels 200 yards distant, and moreover, the Capt. asserts that there was not air enough on his deck at the time to extinguish a candle.—*Sar. pep.*

New-York, Oct. 21. A pair of horses, attached to a wagon, took fright in Water-street, ran over a man passing the street, and bruised him so severely that his life is despaired of. The horses then bolted into the store of Charles Osborn, grocer, clearing themselves of the wagon as they entered.

A young man recently from England, lost his life yesterday, by a fall from a house building at the corner of White and Orange-streets.

Presentation of Clergy of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

About nine o'clock, on Monday morning, General La Fayette was waited on at his apartments, by a number of Clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore. On being presented, the Reverend Mr. Merwin delivered the following address:

General: We salute you as the ministers of the gospel, and present ourselves before you as the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this City and precincts of Baltimore. We congratulate you, Sir, on your safe arrival in our happy country, we greet you with a hearty welcome. And be assured, Sir, that we participate in the general and heartfelt joy of our fellow citizens, at your visiting this country.—We respect your character, feel grateful for your services, and rejoice in that liberty, civil and religious, which you risked your life to procure. [Here the General seized the hand of the speaker.] We, Sir, are the ministers of a peaceful gospel. [The General again grasping the hand of Mr. Merwin, with both his, exclaimed—"Yes, it is a peaceful gospel!—It destroys all animosity, it harmonizes all hearts." [Mr. Merwin proceeded.] "A peaceful gospel which has for its object, the present, future and eternal happiness of man; and we most devoutly pray, that you may share in its richest blessings, that your future days may be crowned with honor, that your end may be peace, and that you may attain that eternal life that remaineth to the people of God."

The General still holding Mr. Merwin's hand, within both his, immediately replied, and with evident tokens of deep interest:

"I am happy, Sir, to receive this mark of respect from the ministers of a peaceful gospel.—It is indeed a peaceful gospel, and I am sorry I have not time more fully to express to you the cordiality with which I receive this evidence of your respect."

Mr. Merwin then introduced an aged and venerable minister, who embracing the hand of the General, observed—"I had the happiness to see you, General, when you were in circumstances less favorable and pleasant than you are now—I saw you, Sir, when you came into Philadelphia, wounded, from the battle of Brandywine"—here the General, in the fullness of his heart, said to the venerable minister, "I am glad to see you, my respected old friend, I hope God will bless you" [clapping him with both hands].—Each minister was severally introduced by Mr. Merwin, and shook the hand of the General, with every mark of attention and esteem.

Revolutionary Patriots.—The organization of the Utica Convention presents a curious spectacle. Both the President and first Secretary, Governor Taylor and Captain Coffin, are revolutionary patriots, each of them being upwards of eighty years of age. With the latter of these gentlemen we travelled several hundred miles during last summer, and were surprised at his activity and vivacity. He related several interesting and amusing anecdotes of himself. On our day during his tour, he was dressed by a barber who had reached the age of 94, so that the joint age of the shaver and shaver amounted to 188. Captain Coffin has crossed the Atlantic, we think, about fifty times, and on one of his homeward voyages, spoke a vessel off the Capes of the Chesapeake, which gave him the first intelligence of *Braddock's defeat*. Both Governor Taylor and himself were strong whigs during the revolution, taking an active part in the scenes of that day, and have ever since remained firm and undeviating republicans. Their names would go far to give character and respectability to a political

body; and it must be highly gratifying to the veterans actively engaged in the war.—*N. Y. Statesman.*

Toasts drunk at the Castle.

Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufacturing.—Three buxom Daughters, her head too high to contribute the support of his large and growing American Industry.—Whether *Canvass*, the *Shuttle*, or the *Plow*, ed as the landmark of national wealth.

Agricultural Societies.—May the confidence of the people and the influence over the soil of the *The Economy of New-England*, but unnamable, if attempted *Driver*.

Manufactures and the Arts.—Earth the materials for their own quire their beneficence by countenance.

Commerce and the Fisheries.—who plough the deep; and may they at among those who plough the deep does its work effectually.

Yankee means and Yankee measures full of notions, are often full of the sports of the Turf—perilous to the great French Farmer.—W. hand to thrash the British—wh Liberty in France, and who reigned in the field of his youthful

EXTRAORDINARY PECUNIARY mand—"to increase and in to meet due observance in A correspondent informs us, the central part of that town husbands by presenting them rains; and assures us that "ising children; and a large births in the same region" m prove that population is making in that part of the Commonwealth nothing to say on this subject prosper, inasmuch as it is lic, and somewhat more patri sidered and other things lea facture than to import our ci

Singular and amusing Extracts futes of the Colony of

March 18, 1644.—Ordere drink strong liquor.

September 30, 1664.—Jol out of the government for hanny to stir up the Dutch.

December 22, 1664.—V drick Thompson, the cow k for having used scandalous speeches against his Majesty's his good subjects.

August 21, 1668.—Release to Ralph Hall and Mary his nizeance they entered into a charge of witchcraft.

October 20, 1668.—Order sons travelling on the Sabbath December 8, 1668.—P observing a general day of out the Royal Highness' don

December 18, 1669.—W ter wheat 4s. and 6d. per wheat 4s; rye 3s. and 8d. 6d.

April 1, 1669.—The Gove race at Hamstead, for the horses, &c.

September 26, 1671.—An ernor on all the Physicians woman who lays lame in York. 'She is called the of Communipaw.'

January 9, 1672.—An handling with the Indians at ting that it may prove a gre town of Albany.

November 20, 1672.—P Cooper, to give the Indians and then."

February 16, 1675.—A w ter Ester, who doth pretend to have seen sights or v or fort, which disquiet and ty's subjects in those parts.

August 5, 1675.—Encom from Europe, 60 acres for for his wife, 50 for each ch servant

May 12, 1675.—A wifor leaving her husband, be by one Thomas Cass, and dancing quacking manner v nificant discourse.

July 26, 1676.—An order Indians.—And if any be seen of a house, that house shall the house be unknown, and found in the street shall be to be a currier, shoemaker tanner to be either currier, or ver.

August 17, 1676.—Resol shall have no more privilege (N. Y.)

At a council, May 19, 1680, neys are thought useful to not? Its thought not, but Jamaica, &c. Whereupon, derved, That pleading attor allowed to practice in the the depending causes.

PRUSSIAN BURIAL The cemeteries in this part with great neatness. Every flower-bed. I walked out one cemetery of Berlin, to see which is nearly a cross, and his name and age. Close by, man in decent mourning, was with which she had panted daughter.—(as the sexton after had been interred the preced

body; and it must be highly gratifying to find the veterans actively engaged in the cause of the people.—N. Y. Statesman.

Toasts drunk at the Cattle Show in Worcester.

Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures.—Uncle Sam's three buxom Daughters.—May neither hold her head too high to contribute her equal share in the support of his large and growing family.

American Industry.—Whether its children be the Cottons, the Shuttles, or the Plough, may it be honored as the handmaid of national virtue, and the parent of national wealth.

Agricultural Societies.—May they take deep root in the confidence of the people and spread their refreshing influence over the soil of their country.

The Yomany of New-England.—A strong team, but unmanageable, if attempted to be worked with a Driver.

Manufactures and The Arts.—Deriving from the earth the materials for their own perfection, they require their benefactress by contributing to her embellishment.

Commerce and the Fisheries.—A rich harvest to those who plough the deep; and may they find a good market among those who plough the land.

American Steel directed by American strength, whether in the sword or upon the plough share, it does its work effectually.

Yankee means and Yankee measures, though sometimes full of notions, are often full of force.

The sports of the Plough—performed by—OXEN.

The great French Farmer.—Who lent our Fathers a hand to thrash the British—who sowed the seeds of Liberty in France, and who reaps a harvest of gratitude on the field of his youthful glory!

EXTRAORDINARY FERTILITY.—The great command—"to increase and multiply"—appears to meet due observance in Attleboro', (Mass.) A correspondent informs us, that six ladies in the central part of that town have blessed their husbands by presenting them with children by rains; and assures us that "they are all promising children; and a large number of single births in the same region" might be adduced to prove that population is making rapid progress in that part of the Commonwealth. We have nothing to say on this subject, but go on and prosper, inasmuch as it is better for the public, and somewhat more patriotic, all things considered and other things being equal, to manufacture than to import our citizens.

Singular and amusing Extracts from the Council Minutes of the Colony of New-York.

March 13, 1644.—Ordered, Indians not to drink strong liquor.

September 30, 1664.—John Dicker banished out of the government for having gone to Albany to stir up the Dutch.

December 22, 1664.—A warrant against Hendrick Thompson, the cow keeper, of Jamaica, for having used scandalous and opprobrious speeches against his Majesty's Majesty at person and his good subjects.

August 21, 1668.—Release by the Governor, to Ralph Hall and Mary his wife, for a recognition they entered into at the assizes on a charge of witchcraft.

October 20, 1668.—Orders to apprehend persons travelling on the sabbath.

December 3, 1668.—Proclamation for the observing a general day of humiliation throughout the Royal Highness' dominions.

December 16, 1668.—"Prices of Grain; wheat 4s; rye 3s; and 3d; Indian corn 2s; and 6d.

April 1, 1669.—The Governor allows a horse race at Hamstead, for the better bred of horses, &c.

September 26, 1671.—An order of the Governor on all the Physicians to attend a poor woman who lays lame in Pearl-street, New-York. "She is called the old ferryman's wife of Communi-paw."

January 9, 1672.—An order prohibiting handling with the Indians at Schenectady, stating that it may prove a great prejudice to the town of Albany.

November 20, 1672.—Permission to John Cooper, to give the Indians a gill of liquor, now and then.

February 16, 1675.—A warrant against Peter Ester, who doth pretend, and hath reported to have seen sights or visions in this city or fort, which disquiet and disturb his Majesty's subjects in those parts.

August 5, 1675.—Encouragement to settlers from Europe, 60 acres for each man, 50 for his wife, 50 for each child and 50 for each servant.

May 12, 1675.—A warrant against a woman for leaving her husband, being defiled away by one Thomas Chase, and that she acts in a dancing quacking manner with silly and insignificant discourse.

July 26, 1676.—An order against all drunken Indians.—And if any be seen coming drunk out of a house, that house shall be fined; and if the house be unknown, and the Indian be found in the street shall be fined. No butcher to be a carrier, shoemaker or tinner, and no tanner to be either carrier, shoemaker or butcher.

August 17, 1676.—Resolved, That Albany shall have no more privileges than this place, (N. Y.)

At a council, May 13, 1677, whether attorneys are thought useful to plead in courts or not? It was thought not, but to be as in New-Jamaica, &c. Whereupon, Resolved and Ordered, That pleading attorneys be no longer allowed to practice in the government, but for the depending causes.

PRUSSIAN BURIAL PLACES.

The cemeteries in this part of Germany are kept with great neatness. Every grave is in general a flower-bed. I walked one morning to the great cemetery of Berlin, to see the tomb of Klaproth, which is nearly a cross, and announces nothing but his name and age. Close by, an elderly-looking woman, in decent mourning, was watering the flowers with which she had planted the grave of an only daughter—as the sexton afterwards told me—who had been interred the preceding week. The grave

form is a lady a piece of about five feet. It was divided into little beds, all dressed and kept with the utmost care, and adorned with the simplest flowers. Lavender, intermingled with daisies, were ranged round the borders; little clumps of violets and forget-me-not were scattered in the interior; and in the centre a solitary lily hung down its languishing blossom. The broken hearted mother had just watered it, and tied it to a small stick, to secure it against the wind; at her side lay the weeds which she had rooted out. She went round the whole spot again and again, anxiously pulling up every blade of grass—then gazed for a few seconds on the grave—put the weeds into her apron—took up her little watering-pot—walked towards the gate—returned again, to see that her lily was secure—and, at last, as the suppressed tear began to start hurried out of the church yard.—Tour in Germany in 1820—21—22.

A light Man.—Wanley, in his "Wonders of the Great and Little World," gravely tells us, that Philotas of Coos, who was an excellent critic and a very good poet in the time of Alexander the Great, had a body so lean and so light, that he used to wear leaden shoes, and never walked out without a leaden weight about him, lest he should be blown away by the wind.

Sale of Children in Malabar.—Malabar children are generally a cheap commodity at Anjigo. At the end of the rainy season, when there was no particular scarcity in the interior country, I purchased a boy and girl, about eight or nine years of age, as a present to a lady in Bombay, for less money than a couple of pigs in England. I bought the young couple, laid in two months' provisions of rice and salt fish for their voyage, and gave each of them four changes of cotton garments, all for the sum of twenty rupees, or fifty shillings. English humanity must not pass a censure on this transaction; it was a happy purchase for the children; they were relieved from hunger and nakedness, and sent to an amiable mistress, who brought them up tenderly, and on leaving India, provided for their future comforts; whereas, had I refused to buy them, they would have assuredly been sold to another, and probably have experienced a miserable bondage with some native Portuguese Christian, whom we do not reckon among the most merciful task-masters.

A circumstance of this kind happened to myself—sitting one morning in my verandah, a young fish-woman bro't a basket of mullets for sale; while the servant was disposing of them, she asked me to purchase a fine boy, 2 years of age, then in her arms.

On my upbraiding her want of maternal affection, she replied, with a smile, that she expected another in a few weeks, and as she could not manage two, she made me the offer of her boy, whom she would part with for a rupee. She came a few days afterwards with a basket of fish, but had just sold her child to Signor Manuel Rodriguez, the Portuguese linguist, who though a man of property and a christian, had thought it necessary to lower the price half a rupee. Thus did this young woman, without remorse, dispose of an only child for fifteen pence.—Forbes's Ori. Mem.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

An opinion has prevailed, and it is believed, still prevails among practical farmers, that Agriculture is an art and not a science. And when a man has learned from his own experience, or by tradition from his ancestors, what soil is most favorable to the growth of Indian Corn, Potatoes, Wheat, &c. he is supposed to have as much knowledge about such matters as is necessary to constitute him an expert husbandman. The following extract from Sir Humphrey Davy's Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry, it is hoped, will contribute towards removing this erroneous impression, and convince farmers, that their art is founded upon a scientific basis, and that some acquaintance with chemistry would aid them much in the management of their soils, and is essential for correcting the defects of sterility.

Agriculture is a science, and has for its objects all those changes in the arrangements of matter connected with the growth and nourishment of plants; the comparative values of their produce as food; the constitution of soils; the manner in which lands are enriched by manure, or rendered fertile by the different processes of cultivation. Inquiries of such a nature cannot but be interesting and important, both to the theoretical agriculturist, and to the practical farmer. To the first, they are necessary in supplying most of the fundamental principles on which the theory of the art depends. To the second, they are useful in affording simple and easy experiments for directing his labors, and for enabling him to pursue a certain and systematic plan of improvement.

It is scarcely possible to enter upon any investigation in agriculture, without finding it connected, more or less, with doctrines or elucidations derived from chemistry.

If land be unproductive, and a system of ameliorating it is to be attempted, the sure method of obtaining the object is by determining the cause of its sterility, which must necessarily depend upon some defect in the constitution of the soil, which may be easily discovered by chemical analysis.

Some lands of good apparent texture are yet sterile in a high degree; and common observation, and common practice, afford no means of ascertaining the cause, or of removing the defect. The application of chemical tests in such cases is obvious; for the soil must contain some noxious principle which may be easily discovered, and probably easily destroyed.

Are any of the salts of iron present? they may be decomposed by lime. Is there an excess of siliceous sand? the system of improvement must depend on the application of clay and calcareous matter. Is there a defect of calcareous matter? the remedy is obvious. Is an excess of vegetable matter? it is to be supplied by manure.

A question concerning the different kinds of limestone to be employed in cultivation often occurs. To determine this fully in the common way of experience would demand a considerable time, perhaps some years, and trials which might be injurious to crops; but by simple chemical tests the nature of a limestone is discovered in a few minutes: and the fitness of its application, whether as a cement, determined.

Peat earth of a certain consistence and composition is an excellent manure; but there are some varieties of peats which contain so large a quantity of ferruginous matter as to be absolutely poisonous to plants. Nothing can be more simple than the chemical operation for determining the nature, and the probable uses of a substance of this kind.

There has been no question on which more difference of opinion has existed, than that of the state in which manure ought to be ploughed into the land; whether recent, or when it has gone through the process of fermentation? and this question is still a subject of discussion; but whoever will refer to the simplest principles of chemistry, cannot entertain a doubt on the subject. As soon as dung begins to decompose, it throws off its volatile parts, which are the most efficient. Dung which has fermented, so as to become a mere soft cohesive mass, has generally lost from one third to one half of its most useful constituent elements. It evidently should be applied as soon as fermentation begins, that it may exert its full action upon the plant, and loose none of its nutritive powers.

It would be easy to adduce a multitude of other instances of the same kind; but sufficient I trust has been said to prove, that the connexion of Chemistry with Agriculture is not founded on mere vague speculation, but that it offers principles which ought to be understood and followed, and which in their progression and ultimate results, can hardly fail to be highly beneficial to the community.

From the Ft. Republican.

ON PLOUGHING.

The uniform practice of our ancestors in relation to this subject seems to have been as follows.—They would calculate to clear a piece of fallow land annually for ten or fifteen years, or until their farms were cleared, except wood-lots. Then beginning with a mowing lot that had been fed close in the fall and spring and had not received even one dressing of manure, they would dip in the plough late in the fall, turning some furrows over, others edgewise, while some would fall back to their original position. In this sad and deplorable condition they left their land all spring; then cross ploughed it, &c. for planting. It would unquestionably require one coat of manure at least to restore the loss of fertility produced in this way.—Those who have thus mismanaged, have literally earned their bread by the sweat of the brow, unless their lands are porous warm and dry.—After planting one or two years, this lot was stocked down to grass, and another selected and proceeded with in the same manner until all their lots had been ploughed. And looking back they would perceive that their first lots did not produce so good grass as prior to ploughing, and might with propriety lament that their farms were half ruined. I wish it to be understood that I am speaking of lands that are not warm or of a light easy soil. If the owners of such cold farms would make all the manure in their power, spread it upon the mowing lots, and be contented with the rearing of horses, cattle and sheep, together with a dairy also, they would soon find little or no cause to lament the scarcity of money. This restless disposition in the farmers to rear all kinds of produce for the market, without consulting the nature of their soil, is absurd and foolish in the extreme.

The principal part of the lands upon the Connecticut River and Otter Creek are susceptible of tillage and will richly remunerate the cultivator. But as you recede from large streams of water, the lands become colder and more wet, and but a small part will compensate the agriculturalist for much ploughing.—Nature has already laid them right side up, and they are extremely valuable for the uses for which they were designed, being the finest grazing lands in the world. Pastures of this description will be in their bloom and richest verdure, when the drouth has bleached those near large streams and on warmer soils. I really believe were the owners of wet, cold farms to abandon the use of the plough in a measure, and turn their attention to a dairy, and the rearing of horses, cattle and sheep, they would soon cease to accuse providence of hostility to their welfare.

Another reprehensible practice which I have observed among farmers, is ploughing their lands late in the fall. If this cannot be done very early, it would be far better to omit it until spring, then lay the furrows flat and smooth as possible, and drag it thoroughly, but cautiously, so as not to raise sods.—and in this way, crops of every description of produce will be better, and the land much less exhausted of its fertility than when ploughed late in the fall and cross ploughed in the spring.

A MOUNTAINEER.

The following was obligingly furnished us by a very respectable and scientific friend, who assures us it may be relied on, as emanating from a source of the highest respectability.—Farm. Yeast.—Yeast may be obtained by first boiling half a gallon of malt for a few minutes in three pints of water; strain two pints and let it stand to ferment, which, if hops be added, will take place in twenty-four hours, but if not hopped, will require about sixty hours. Then mix in four pints of a similar decoction of malt, and thus keep adding a larger quantity of wort, till you have yeast enough. For baking, yeast is multiplied by mixing 2 lbs. with paste, made of 10 lbs. of flour and 16 lbs. of boiling water, and keeping this mixture warm for six or eight hours.—Gray's Lec. of Phar.

occurs. To determine this fully in the common way of experience would demand a considerable time, perhaps some years, and trials which might be injurious to crops; but by simple chemical tests the nature of a limestone is discovered in a few minutes: and the fitness of its application, whether as a cement, determined.

Peat earth of a certain consistence and composition is an excellent manure; but there are some varieties of peats which contain so large a quantity of ferruginous matter as to be absolutely poisonous to plants. Nothing can be more simple than the chemical operation for determining the nature, and the probable uses of a substance of this kind.

There has been no question on which more difference of opinion has existed, than that of the state in which manure ought to be ploughed into the land; whether recent, or when it has gone through the process of fermentation? and this question is still a subject of discussion; but whoever will refer to the simplest principles of chemistry, cannot entertain a doubt on the subject. As soon as dung begins to decompose, it throws off its volatile parts, which are the most efficient. Dung which has fermented, so as to become a mere soft cohesive mass, has generally lost from one third to one half of its most useful constituent elements. It evidently should be applied as soon as fermentation begins, that it may exert its full action upon the plant, and loose none of its nutritive powers.

It would be easy to adduce a multitude of other instances of the same kind; but sufficient I trust has been said to prove, that the connexion of Chemistry with Agriculture is not founded on mere vague speculation, but that it offers principles which ought to be understood and followed, and which in their progression and ultimate results, can hardly fail to be highly beneficial to the community.

From the Ft. Republican.

ON PLOUGHING.

The uniform practice of our ancestors in relation to this subject seems to have been as follows.—They would calculate to clear a piece of fallow land annually for ten or fifteen years, or until their farms were cleared, except wood-lots. Then beginning with a mowing lot that had been fed close in the fall and spring and had not received even one dressing of manure, they would dip in the plough late in the fall, turning some furrows over, others edgewise, while some would fall back to their original position. In this sad and deplorable condition they left their land all spring; then cross ploughed it, &c. for planting. It would unquestionably require one coat of manure at least to restore the loss of fertility produced in this way.—Those who have thus mismanaged, have literally earned their bread by the sweat of the brow, unless their lands are porous warm and dry.—After planting one or two years, this lot was stocked down to grass, and another selected and proceeded with in the same manner until all their lots had been ploughed. And looking back they would perceive that their first lots did not produce so good grass as prior to ploughing, and might with propriety lament that their farms were half ruined. I wish it to be understood that I am speaking of lands that are not warm or of a light easy soil. If the owners of such cold farms would make all the manure in their power, spread it upon the mowing lots, and be contented with the rearing of horses, cattle and sheep, together with a dairy also, they would soon find little or no cause to lament the scarcity of money. This restless disposition in the farmers to rear all kinds of produce for the market, without consulting the nature of their soil, is absurd and foolish in the extreme.

The principal part of the lands upon the Connecticut River and Otter Creek are susceptible of tillage and will richly remunerate the cultivator. But as you recede from large streams of water, the lands become colder and more wet, and but a small part will compensate the agriculturalist for much ploughing.—Nature has already laid them right side up, and they are extremely valuable for the uses for which they were designed, being the finest grazing lands in the world. Pastures of this description will be in their bloom and richest verdure, when the drouth has bleached those near large streams and on warmer soils. I really believe were the owners of wet, cold farms to abandon the use of the plough in a measure, and turn their attention to a dairy, and the rearing of horses, cattle and sheep, they would soon cease to accuse providence of hostility to their welfare.

Another reprehensible practice which I have observed among farmers, is ploughing their lands late in the fall. If this cannot be done very early, it would be far better to omit it until spring, then lay the furrows flat and smooth as possible, and drag it thoroughly, but cautiously, so as not to raise sods.—and in this way, crops of every description of produce will be better, and the land much less exhausted of its fertility than when ploughed late in the fall and cross ploughed in the spring.

A MOUNTAINEER.

The following was obligingly furnished us by a very respectable and scientific friend, who assures us it may be relied on, as emanating from a source of the highest respectability.—Farm. Yeast.—Yeast may be obtained by first boiling half a gallon of malt for a few minutes in three pints of water; strain two pints and let it stand to ferment, which, if hops be added, will take place in twenty-four hours, but if not hopped, will require about sixty hours. Then mix in four pints of a similar decoction of malt, and thus keep adding a larger quantity of wort, till you have yeast enough. For baking, yeast is multiplied by mixing 2 lbs. with paste, made of 10 lbs. of flour and 16 lbs. of boiling water, and keeping this mixture warm for six or eight hours.—Gray's Lec. of Phar.

MARRIED.
In Norway, Maj. Henry W. Milt, to Miss Harriet Root.

DIED.
In Norway, on the 14th ultimo, William F. Beal, only son of E. F. Beal, aged 15 months.

Adieu, sweet child! thy fond caresses,
No longer can we ask below,
May he, in whose divine embraces,
The springs of bliss forever flow;
May he permit us all to meet thee,
In yon supernal world above;
With harp seraphic, there to greet thee,
Mid deathless realms of life and love.

ALPHEUS SHAW.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership existing under the firm of A. & E. SHAW, will expire on the 1st October ensuing.
ALPHEUS SHAW,
ELIAS SHAW.

THE subscriber, grateful for past favors, would inform his friends and customers that he continues business at the old stand. All indebted to the said firm of A. & E. Shaw, are requested to make payment, without delay, to Alpheus Shaw, who is duly authorized to adjust the same. Those notes and accounts of more than six months standing will be put in suit without further notice.

ALPHEUS SHAW.

Portland, Sept. 28.

HORACE SEAVER,

Chambers over No's. 1 and 3, Mitchell's Buildings,

PORTLAND,

(Entrance at No. 2.)

HAS JUST RECEIVED, on consignment, a large

assortment of

American, English, French, and India

GOODS—such as:

Bales brown SHIRTING and SHEETING;

Do. Bleached do. do;

Do. Washington TICKING;

Do. Northbridge and Wrentham do;

Do. PLAIDS, STRIPES and CHECKS;

Do. Cotton YARN, all numbers;

Do. BATTING, for Comforters;

70 Pieces SATINETT, blue, drab and mix'd;

30 do. BROADCLOTHS and CASIMERES;

50 do. FLANNELS, assorted colors;

150 do. BOMBAZETTES, assorted colors, fig'd and plain;

100 do. American CALICOES;

200 do. English do.

do. 4-4 French do.

German and Flag Handkerchiefs.—Cotton

Flags, and Madras do; Merino, silk and cotton

Shawls; Black, blue and green silk Velvet; Black

fig'd Velvet and silk Vesting; Valencia do; Caroline

Plaids; Black sewing Silk; Boxes Gauze; Fig'd

Plaids, and Taffeta Ribbons; Galoons; 100 gross

Fancy Silk Buttons; Black, Sarsnetts; Green Florence

and Black, Drab and Green Levantines; Pearl

Striped and Fig'd Gros de Naples; Sewing Cottons,

all numbers and colors; Boxes Cotton Balls; Knit-

ting Cottons; 300 gross Glass and Metal Buttons;

Writing, Wrapping, Printing, Sheathing and Donnet

Taper; Builders' and Bandbox Boards; Looking

Glasses; Men's Women's and Children's Morocco

and Leather SHOES; which will be sold at such prices

as cannot fail to please.

Oct. 30.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Ox-

ford Bookstore,

THE MAINE

FARMER'S ALMANAC,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1825.

* Sold also by Thomas Crocker, Esq. Col.

Simeon Cummings, Messrs. Morse & Hall, Jari-

us Shaw, Esq. and Ebenezer Drake, Paris;

Enoch Crocker, Nathan Attwood and Messrs.

Long & Loring, Buckfield; John R. Briggs,

Woodstock; and the traders generally.

Paris, October 14.

School Books & Stationary.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Ox-

ford Bookstore, a good assortment of

School Books, used in this section of the State;

among which are Perry's, Walker's and J. In-

son's Dictionary; Pike's, Adams's, Walker's,

Coburn's and Kinne's Arithmetic; Murray's

large and small Grammar; Chesman's Gram-

mar; English Reader; American Preceptor;

Art of Reading; Museum; Columbian Read-

er; Student's Companion; Evangelical In-

structor; Pleasing Instructor; American Speak-

er; Historical Reader; Columbian Orator;

Enfield's Speaker; Scott's Lessons; History

of the United States; School Testaments;

Morse's, Cummings's, Adams's and Woodbridge's

Geography, and Atlas; Parish's Geography;

Butler's Compend of History; Whelpley's dit-

to; Pike's, Perry's, Webster's and Goodale's

Spelling Book; Cyphering Books; Writing

ditto; Quills; Inkstands; Inkpowder; Slates

and Pencils; Copy Slips, &c. &c.

The above Books, with many others used

in Schools, are constantly kept on hand, and

sold at very low prices, both at wholesale and

retail, for cash, clean cotton and linen RAGS,

or undoubted credit.

FOR SALE AS ABOVE,

The Northern, Village, Temple, and Wes-

teyan Harmony; Bridgewater Collection and

Hallowell Collection of Sacred Music. They

will be sold cheap to singing societies or indi-

viduals.

Oct. 14.

Spectacles and Combs.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford

Bookstore, a good assortment of

SPECTACLES

suitable for all ages. Also a large assortment of

HAIR COMBS; Head and Ivory Combs, which

will be sold unusually cheap.

For sale, as above, a few Steel Plated SHOVELS,

with strapped backs—cheap.

Sept. 16.

MISCELLANES.

From the National Annual.

"We have heard the result of votes given

Flow'd lovely and fair,
Not a shadow is sailing
Where the moon walks unshrouded,
Her beauty revealing.

See, the clouds gather round her—
The lightning is flashing;
Loud rolls the hoarse thunder—
The wild storm is dashing.
Oh! a moment has vanish'd
The beautiful scene!
Like a dream it has vanish'd
The storm-clouds between.

Thus life in its morning
Of May, is serene;
Hope's sweet smile adorning,
In softness are seen;
And the glass that we look through
Is clear and unshaded;
And the scenes that we look to,
Young Fancy has train'd.

Joy dances before us—
Not a cloud intervenes—
A blue sky is o'er us—
Hope flushes our veins—
But the dream is soon over,
Like the scene which has faded;
Realities hover—
The picture is shaded.

The storm whirls each feature
Of splendour away;
But the Moon o'er glad Nature
Will again cast her ray,
But when Reason has blighted
Young Fancy's bright bloom,
The path she once lighted
She can never relume.

From the last number of the New Monthly Magazine.
DINNER IN THE STEAM BOAT.

"They fool me to the top of my bent,"—Shakespeare.

"Come, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweet bread, Mrs. Cleaver: dinner's ready: shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we mustn't spoil good victuals though we are sure of good company. Look! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say, how excessively clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's so high and mighty, she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember, Mrs. Hoggins, when her five-shilling Welsh-whistle was kept for Sunday's Church, and good enough too, for we all know what her mother was. Good Heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue: do let me go out of his way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a night mare, isn't he, Mr. Smart?" He may be like a mare by night, replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, "but I consider him more like an ass by day—He! he! he!" Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, "Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand,"—being called a liver—look at the sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death." "Well, then you are of course no longer a liver," resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; "so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you." "O Gemini! don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all than have such a fellow as that to bury me." "Dicky, my dear!" cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, "hadn't you better come down to dinner? There's a nice silver side of a round of beef, and the chump end of a fine o'mutton, besides a rare lock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach." "O mother," replied the young Cockney, "that 'ere cold beef steak and inguns vat you put up in the pocket handkerchief, wasn't good I do believe, for all my hindles are of a work."

"Tell 'em it's a holiday," cried Smart. "O dear, O dear!" continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lachrymose whine, "I want to reach and I can't—vat shall I do mother?" "Stand on tip-toe, my darling," replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver, who began to take in high dudgeon, this horse prey of her neighbor, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and bore down the hatchway by the dinner-desking crowd, though sundry echoes of the word "Jackanapes!" and "imperious tetter," continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

"Well, but Mr. Smart," cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she had satisfied the first cravings of her appetite, "you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheel go round and round as fast as those of our one horse chay, when Jem Ball drives the trotting mare." "Why, ma'am, you must understand—" "Who called Jem Ball?" "A tumbler of negroes," bawled the steward, "who called for the savages and tumbling negroes?" repeated Mr. Smart—"Yes, my'am, you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital bold beet)—there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread—let me see, where was I? In the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am,

you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on to the wheels; and that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimneys turns the spit; and then there's the safety-valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and so puts out the steam at once. You see, ma'am, it's very simple when once you understand the trigonometry of it."

"O perfectly, but I never had it properly explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it. How could they think of it? Shall I give you a little of the salad? La, it isn't dressed; what a shame?" "Not at all," cried Smart, "none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us. He! he! he!" "Did you hear that Mrs. H?" exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hoggins, "that was a good one, wasn't it? Drat it, Smart, you are a droll one."

Here the company were alarmed by a terrified groan from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, "Heaven have mercy upon us! did you hear that whizzing noise?—there it is again! there's something wrong in the boiler—if it bursts, we shall all be in Heaven in five minutes." "The Lord forbid!" ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and were preparing to quit their places, when the steward informed them it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off—"Ay, so they always say," resumed Croak, with an incredulous tone and woe-begone look; but it was just the same on board the American steam boat that I was telling you of—52 souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whizz, such as we heard a while ago—God help us! there it is once more—and bang! up blew the boiler—14 people scalded to death—large pieces of their flesh found upon the banks of the river, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the Captain's. But don't be alarmed ladies and gentlemen, I dare say, we shall escape any scalding as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smack! Indeed we may arrive safe—they do sometimes and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together (here another groan,) and I hope I haven't said any thing to lower the spirits of the company."

"There's no occasion," cried Smart, "for usaw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy." The laugh excited by this bon-mot tended, in some degree, to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the boding Mr. Croak had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no sort of apprehension. "Ay," resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, "they are used to it—it is their business—they are bred to the sea."

"But they don't want to be bread to the fishes, any more than you or I," retorted Smart, chuckling at his having the best of the nonsense. "Well," exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, "I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch-water; they should have put it upon the cullender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it." "Madam," replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, "I made it a rule never to speak ill of the dead. I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to let it exemplify one of Shakespeare's soliloquies—Ham-let alone." "La! you're such a wag," cried Mrs. Hoggins, "there's no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge-bone—nothing's better than cold beef." "I beg your pardon, Madam, replied the indefatigable joker—cold beef's better than nothing—Ha! ha! ha!"

"How do you find yourself now, my darling?" said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on, because, as he said, his 'air was quite wet." "Ay, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish, that I feel as if I could eat any thing." "Then just warm these potatoes," said Smart, handing him the dish, "for they are almost cold." "I'll thank you not to run your fingers upon me," quoth the Cockney, looking glumish, "or I shall fetch you a viper with this here hash stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell." Never mind him, my dear, cried his mother, "eat this mutton chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw! Very good exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, "egad! Ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin."

"This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and, as the fat dame was at that moment handling the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. "Iick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and began attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous 'happetite, and felt 'as hungry as an ound." "I never say any thing to discourage any body," said Mr. Croak, "particularly young people; it's a thing I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sat down to his dinner in this very packet, after being seasick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood vessel and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made."

"I'm not to be choused out of my dinner for all that," replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out—Steward! take away this por-

ter-pot, it runs.—"I doubt that," cried Smart. "I say it does," resumed Dick, angrily, "the table cloth is all of a sop.—I'll bet you half-a-crown it does not." Done! and done! were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed—"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer." This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who sullenly muttered, "I'm not going to be lam-boozled out of an all-crown in that there way, and vat's more I vont be made a standing joke by no man."—I don't see how you can," replied his antagonist, "so long as you are sitting."

"Vy are you like a case of ketchup?" cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, "because you are a saucebox."—Haw! Haw! roared out his mother, "bravo Dick! there's a proper rmp for you Mr. Smart." Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge by inquiring of Dick why his hat was like a giblet pie? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried "because there's a goose's head in it," and instantly set the example of the horse, in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be high water in the arbor when they arrived. "Then I recommend you by all means to some of it," said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, "perhaps it may cure your squint."

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bon-risque* (as the French say) in the hold, but that there was just then a tremendous concussion upon deck, occasioned by the fall of the boom, and followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from the panic-stricken company at the dinner table. "Lord have mercy on us!" ejaculated Croak with a deep groan, "it's all over with us—we are going to the bottom—I like to make the best of every thing—it's my way, and therefore hope no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed."

Having run upon deck at this juncture for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the accident, which he found to be unattended with the smallest danger, the writer cannot detail any more of the conversation that ensued until their arrival at Calais, which will form the subject of another paper.

EPITAPHS.

Quaint, queer and quizzical.

The following are from an ancient Burying Yard in Dorchester, five miles from Boston.

Wm. Jones Esqr. D. Govr.
Dd. Oct. 17th 1706, At. 62
Attend you Synder! the
framed Stone: are come yor
hon'd Son and Daughter Jones,
on each hand to repose
y'r Weary Bones.

Here lies the Body of Unite Humphreys and shining
Minot.

Such names as these they never die not.

Ye, Epitaph of Wm. Pool which he himself made when yet living in Remembrance of his own death, and left it to be engraven on his Tomb, that so being dead, he might warn posterity, or a Remembrance of a dead man bespeaking the Reader.

To Passenger 'tis worth thy pains to stay
And take a dead man's Lesson, by thy way;
I was, what now thou art; and thou shalt be
What I am now; what odds 'twixt me and thee.
Now go thy way, but stay, take one word more,
Thy staff for ought thou knowest stands next the door,
Death is the Door, yea, Door of Heaven and Hell,
Reader be warned, believe, repent, Farewell.

From a Country Church Yard.

"John Polfrey, who lies buried here;
Was aged twenty seven year,
And in this place his mother lies,
Also his father—WHEN HE DIES."

By an amateur.

"Here lies my wife, who killed herself,
All of her own accord—
The Lord that gave hath taken away—
And blessed be the Lord."

HUMOROUS.

Three young lawyers riding from Bedford Court, Penn. across the Allegany mountains, observed an old Dutch woman riding before them, with a leg on each side of a dull horse, whose sides she was continually pelting with her heels. Said one of them to the others, "I'll ride up and have some fun with the old woman;" and on riding up observed that her steed was very lazy. "Yes, please," replied the old woman, "he bees chus like the lawyers; he will take a fee on both sides, and go very little after all."

An old widow woman, not remarkable for her knowledge or sagacity, would often dwell on the renown of her departed husband. She was boasting that he had held a post of distinction in the revolutionary army, whether it was general or corporal, she could not recollect, but was sure it was something that ended in *rel.* "Wasn't it round?" said a by-stander—"O yes," replied the old woman, "indeed I believe that was it."

When the regulations of West Boston bridge were drawn up, two famous attorneys were chosen for that purpose. One section was written, accepted, and now stands thus:—and the said proprietors shall meet annually, on the first Tuesday of June, provided the same does not fall on Sunday."

Storm at sea.—In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there would be any danger. "O yes," replied the sailor; "if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before 12 o'clock to night." The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, "Shall we? the Lord forbid!"

An equality of condition between persons about to form matrimonial alliances, is often thought to lay a surer foundation for domestic comfort, than those diversities either in fortune or acquirements, which seem to place the parties greatly in contrast with each other. It is probable that this idea was present to the mind of both Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Potter, whom he afterwards married. At one of their interviews during courtship, the Doctor told her "that he was of mean extraction; that he had no money, and that he

had an uncle that was hanged; to which, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, she replied, "that she had no more money than he," and that though no relation of hers had been hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging!"

In School-Street, there was formerly a sign, "Dr. Trot," which was ultimately succeeded by one with the name—"Dr. Gallup." An Irishman of serious change, said he was *pluss'd* with the doctor's success, as he had got from a trot into a gallop!

A parour, to whom Dr. Reidiff was in debt, after many fruitless attempts, caught him just setting out of his chariot at his own door, in Lombard-Square, and demanded the payment of his bill. "What, you rascal," said the Doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, I have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work!" "Doctor, don't," said the parour, "mine is not the only lost way, that the earth hides!" "You dog," said the Doctor, "you are a wit, you must be poor, come in,"—and he paid him his demand.

Lord Peterborough.—This lively Nobleman was once taken by the mob for the Duke of Marlborough, (who was then in disgrace with them,) and was about to be treated roughly by these friends to humanity; upon which he addressed them thus:—"Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons, that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; and in the second, they are heartily at your service,"—throwing his purse among them, he got out of their hands, with loud hurrahs and acclamations. Of his own courage he used to say, that it proceeded from his not knowing his danger; and in this anecdote with Turenne, that the coward has only one of the three faculties of the mind—apprehension.

Collector's Notice.—Porter.

NOTICE is hereby given to the proprietors of the hands in register mentioned, in the town of Porter, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed for collection to the undersigned, Collector of said town of Porter, for the year 1824, in the respective sums following, viz:

Name of person, firm, or company.	Rank.	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	State Tax.	County and Town Tax.	Defective Mortgage Tax.	Sum Total.
Unknown,	A	16	100	6 56	47	58	11 53
	A	17	100	2 25	20	3 21	6 66
	A	18	100	3 48	24	3 73	7 50
	A	19	100	3 48	24	3 73	7 50
Unknown,	B	16	57	1 39	9	1 48	3 86
	B	19	40	1 74	12	1 69	3 55
Unknown,	C	12	44	1 52	10	1 62	3 62
	C	17	50	1 74	12	1 68	3 54
	C	18	160	3 48	24	3 73	7 50
Unknown,	C	19	100	5 22	35	5 57	10 77
	D	17	50	1 13	13	1 15	2 41
	D	18	100	4 35	19	3 15	7 69
	D	19	100	4 35	19	3 15	7 69
	E	16	100	5 22	35	5 57	10 77
	E	17	100	1 74	12	1 69	3 55
	E	18	100	4 35	19	4 73	9 27
Unknown,	F	20	50	1 74	12	1 69	3 55
	F	12	100	4 35	19	4 73	9 27
	F	8	100	3 48	24	3 73	7 50
	F	7	100	3 48	24	2 52	6 24
	F	6	100	3 48	24	2 52	6 24
	F	5	50	1 74	12	1 68	3 54
Unknown,	G	19	40	2 08	14	1 52	3 74
	G	13	200	6 96	47	7 43	14 39
	G	8	200	6 96	47	5 04	12 47
	G	7	200	6 96	47	5 04	12 47
	G	6	167	5 81	29	6 70	12 50
	G	5	150	5 22	35	5 67	11 24
	G	2	100	3 48	24	3 73	7 50
	G	14	75	3 48	24	3 73	7 50

The said Collector will proceed, according to law, to sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the close of the clock in the forenoon, on the second day of December next, at the dwelling-house of Lieut. JOSEPH FOX, in said town of Porter, so much of the said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear, on or before that time, to discharge said taxes and charges.

RICHARD FOX,
Collector as aforesaid.

Porter, October 19, 1824.

THE WEATHER.

A NEW PAPER, QUARTO SIZE,

CONDUCTED BY

A SOCIETY OF LITERARY GENTLEMEN,

IN

PORTLAND.

Subscriptions received at the Oxford Bookstore, where the numbers may be examined.

Oct. 7, 1824.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, *SACRED FAMILY BIBLE*, in six volumes—last American Edition. *It will be sold cheap.* Oct. 7.

Anderson's Cough Drops.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Anderson's Celebrated COUGH DROPS. They are a most valuable medicine for the cure of coughs and consumption.

Also—Lee's Pills; Dean's Rheumatic Pill; Dr. Rel's Asthmatic Pills; Dr. Rel's Botanical Drops; Jaundice Bitters; Court Plaster; Itch Ointment, &c. &c.

Oct. 14.

PROBATE NOTICE.

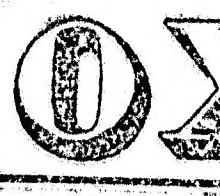
At a Court of Probate, held at Turner, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of September, in the year of Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four:

JOSHUA WHITMAN, Administrator on the estate of SAMUEL GORHAM, late of Turner, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register, (17.)



VOL. I.

THE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

ASA BART

For the Proprietors, at two cents a copy.

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Andover.....JAMES F.

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Minot.....Mr. Jos

Summer.....Doctor H

Weld.....FREMAM

Waterford.....Doctor

MISCELLAN

From Washington.

THE DEVIL AND TOM

A few miles from Boston

there is a deep inlet winding

the interior of the country

and terminating in a thickly

morass. On one side of this

dark grove; on the opposi-

te abruptly from the water's ed-

on which grow a few scatt-

age and immense size. In

these gigantic trees, accord-

ing to Kidd the pirate buried

inlet allowed a facility to br-

boat secretly and at night t-

the hill. The elevation of

a good look out to be kept t-

hand, while the remarkable

landmarks by which the pla-

found again. The old stor-

that the devil presided at

money, and took it under hi-

this, it is well known, he al-

ed treasure, particularly wh-

gotten. Be that as it may, k-

to recover his wealth; being

ed at Boston, sent out to E-

hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, ju-

earthquakes were prevalent

and shook many tall simm-

knocks, there lived near this

erly fellow, of the name